

# Cloistered

Kylie Walsh

We went to the blackberry bushes behind the stream  
and made crowns out of the thorns  
to play crucifixion,

but the thorns got caught in our hair  
and that's when we learned that we had to be hurt  
before we could be healed.

The blackberries weren't ripe,  
but the sunshine was so honest that day  
it didn't matter how bitter the world tasted.

The sentinel trees were our borders  
as we ran around backyards that weren't ours  
and never would be.

Weaving daisy chains,  
imitating the carefree gossip of our mothers  
as they hid their lips

behind yesterday's lipstick and chipped coffee mugs.  
Trading the sins of others for new crockpot recipes:  
the new world currency.

They never dreamt their daughters would grow up  
in a whirlwind of whispers,  
draped in ripped tights and daisy chains, counting on headlights  
and hand-me-down rosary beads to get us home.

**Kylie Walsh** was born in Atlanta and raised outside of Seattle. She is now a sophomore English with a Creative Writing emphasis major. She loves to read and write (obviously) but also loves

to explore Marin with friends whenever she isn't busy with her duties on campus as a Resident Advisor.